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ONCE-A-WEEK

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JANUARY 17, 1927

MID-WEEK COMING

The following events have been scheduled for mid-week:—

Sunday—Jan. 23rd—Concert—Conway School Band.

Monday—Jan. 24th—Advanced Students Concert.

Tuesday—Jan. 25th—Recital by Leon Sampaix—Pianist.

Wednesday — Jan. 26th—Exhibition—Physical Education Dept. —
Gymnasium.

Thursday—Jan. 27th—Play—Dramatic Dept.

Friday—Jan. 28th—Sophomore Dance—Gymnasium.

Albert Edmund Brown, Chairman Committee on Events.

Also Remember

Jan. 17.—Recital, Edith Kimple.

Jan. 18—Williams School—One Act Plays.

MY OPINION OF PHI ED

Phi Ed is a great life if you don't weaken. You sure are on the jump everyminute. What can't be found for us to do isn't worth mentioning. Physiology everyday in the week. And oh the names! I never dreamed that such words could be found in the English language. Anything hard is good for Frosh. It sure helps develop our brains and we all need that. Of all the things we do, Folk Dancing is the most popular. Oh, yes it is. Stamp, brush, hop. Bend to the right as you brush with left foot. It sounds easy but try it and see, especially with a row of Juniors and Seniors in the balcony all gazing at us with looks of amazement at the dumbness of some Frosh. Never mind, next year we'll be Juniors if we don't flunk too many things. In apparatus the Horse kicks when we aren't quick on the jump. He just won't let some of us on his back. Guess he is afraid of the weight of some of us Frosh. "Hey Frosh, where's your button". "Juniors and Seniors thru the door first!" Oh yes we must have our manners trained too. Head up! Chins in! Arch your back! Etc., etc. Oh well, we have to have perfect postures by the time we are Seniors and we can't begin too soon.

But who says, "die"? I say, "never."

Me for Phi Ed., forever.

A MAMMOTH PRODUCTION

Monday, Jan. 10th, from 8:15 P. M. on, there were most unusual things happening in the Mu Phi House. This, let it be known, was a night of nights. It had been previously proclaimed "Stunt Night" by those in authority, and they ought to know.

It is rumored that several offers from producers have been turned down, and—sh! Gather around! Among those who pleaded in vain were Dave Belasco and Johnnie Golden, not to mention Flo Ziegfeld. But then, one can't blame the Mu Phis for not wishing to play with the common herd in an ordinary theatre. They have their own stage, curtains, a large seating capacity, superhuman lighting effects, and a portable box-office. They live for their art!

The master production opened with a series of delightful silhouettes ranging from antiseptic dancing to a blood-curdling operation. The artistes in this group consisted of Ann Bomberger, Celia Wilson, Irene Sack, and Kay Kline.

The audience was then completely overcome by the premiere American appearance of the French violinist, Babe Kimple, who performed dexterous movements on the violin, accompanied by her equally famous sister, Edith Kimple, known from pole to pole for her complete subjugation to the spirit of the piece.

That inimitable team, Davis and Newhard, gave several of their skits. John Barrymore once said of them, "Watch these two. They will be famous." Well, they are!

Sparkie, (no, not the horse. That's French for Nit-wit), gave a heart rending selection imitating a mother taking her young hopeful, Willy, out to lunch. Needless to say, neither Mother nor Willy dined.

The program came to a glorious finale with a recital given by four budding young pupils, three of whom, Helen MacNamara, Alice Marsh, and Augusta Halsey, performed mysterious rites on piano and violin. The other, Norma Covert, performed an elocutionary masterpiece.

The various numbers were announced by a gentleman, Mr. Bone Dodd. Members of the audience were lured to procure fudge by a fascinating woman named Margaret Tilton.

Don't tell anyone, but some day the programme may be repeated, and you may be able to see it. The opportunity of a lifetime! They know their onions, as well as their art!

Dorothy S. Walsh

"INDIAN LOVE LYRIC"

I felt the soft breath on my cheek
And the gentle touch of his hand,
His very presence near me
Seemed a breeze on the desert sand,—
He deftly sought my lips—
My head he did enfold—
Then he broke the silence with
"Shall the filling be silver or gold?"

Anonymous.

"THE ONCE-A-WEEK"

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DOWN WITH EXAMS!

Dear Faculty, I here present
With my felicitations,
A mournful little splurge anent
Your Term Examinations.

Do you not think that it is best,
Since Custom is demolished
In this progressive age, the Test
Should also be abolished?

It is a sinful waste of ink,
A reckless use of paper,
And hard on eyes that wink and blink
Beside the midnight taper.

And aren't your hearts with pity wrung,
As Doleful Desperation
Toils at the questions you have sprung,
With muttered imprecation?

You know you always ask the things
We never dreamed you'd think of;
Your Fount of Knowledge sometimes springs
Too high to deeply drink of.

At such a time our scattered wits
Do poorly represent us,
And when you grade our blotted bits
Of toil, you then present us

With ruthless marks. Then have we wept,
Or knashed our teeth despairfully,
And mourned the hours we might have slept,—
The hours we crammed so carefully.

So, Faculty, I take a stand
With burning protestation,
Against this blight on our fair land,
The Term Examination!

Joy

Faculty: "The Rebel! Off with her head!"
Executioner: "Don't worry; she'll lose it in the Exam."

A WORD FROM BROTHER BOWEN

To the "Amards",

"Salutations and greetings to you all". I thank Shakespeare for that line because it enables me to pass it on to you. It has always been my desire to write back to the Amards and tell that joyous organization how much it is missed by one who has strayed away. My simple advice to you is that you become very conscious of the supreme joy which the "William's School" and the fraternity is rendering up to you.

If you were all privileged to attend an institution where cold gray science reigned supreme, you would look upon the Amard room as little less than a paradise; a rendezvous for all aesthetic things. It is gratifying for me to learn that the Williams School is growing. Truly speaking, I believe there is no better school of its kind to be found. Other schools may have more in equipment but in fellowship and spirit, the Williams's School is in a class by itself.

After separating from the "Con", you will realize that your truest friends are the ones you met in the fraternity room just off from Elocution Hall. In closing, I wish each of you success, and courage to promote that art for which you are prepared.

Fraternally your friend,
Carrol Bowen.

FROM AN ARTHUR, ONTARIO PAPER

Mr. Jas. Chambers spent a few days of this week in town returning to his duties in Eugenia Falls on Wednesday. Mr. Chambers has just returned from Ithaca N. Y., where he took a two-month's course in voice corrective work from Dr. Martin, a specialist in voice production and correction. What the course accomplished for Mr. Chambers is nothing short of marvelous. To completely change a man's voice, so that it could not be recognized by his most intimate friends, within two months might seem to be something of an impossibility, but this achievement on Mr. Chamber's voice has certainly been accomplished, and he now speaks in a full well modulated tone, clear and strong.

PHI MU ALPHA

Phi Mu Alpha meetings every Monday night.

Phi Mu Alpha united with the Mu Phi and S. A. I. sororities in furnishing a Sunday musical program for the Ithaca Federation of Women's Organizations at the Community House, Sunday Jan. 9. Knox Dunlop as vocal soloist, accompanied by George Snyder represented Delta chapter.

The second pledging service of the chapter was held Sunday evening Jan. 16, in Elocution Hall.

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber fields of grain,
For purple mountain majesty
Above the fruited plain,
America, America, America for me.

Feb. 22 is All American night. Our forefathers gave their all for America. What have we done? Phi Mu Alpha will give everyone an opportunity to serve his or her country. Buy a ticket for the All American Musical program. Be there and show your appreciation for what modern composers are doing to glorify American music. A tentative program will be in the "Once-A-Week" next Monday. Let us rally round the Flag boys. Let us rally once again.

E. S. P.

WHO'S WHO AT THE "CON"

By K. V. B.

Anna Wood, who is no longer a commuter. Homesick, Ann?

Franklin McClaren and John Burns, who have recently gained distinction through the purchase of fur coats.

George Kochen, who has wonderful dreams of "waiting" for someone on lovely "white plains".

Esther Kuntz, poor kid, who has to feed the Junior Prom.

Christine Drude, who has at last forgiven her family for not writing her every day during Christmas.

Benita Dodd, who had a birthday not long ago. Happy birthday, Bunny!

June Davis, who misses her faithful escort, Jimmy.

MU PHI EPSILON

Mu Phi Epsilon sorority will present Miss Edith Kimple in a piano recital to be given on Monday evening January 17th in Conservatory Hall.

"Swampy" Marsh has given up a concert tour of the south and has accepted a position in the Ithaca high school. We are more than glad to have "Swampy" with us for she is a constant source of inspiration.

We have had wonderful reports from Clark's Green, Pa., where Miss Alma Stoddart holds the position of supervisor of music. In a few weeks she will present an operetta of more than a hundred children's voices. Fine work for Alma's first year of teaching and we're proud of her.

SIGMA SIDELIGHTS

The light of merriment flamed high on Thursday at the dance. Kitty Hill certainly couldn't suppress her buoyant spirits at having Piny. The alumni were glad to meet the pledges and the pledges to meet the alumni. All in all we can't imagine anything finer that it was.

Lillian Speakman, Mary Louise Evan, Kitty Miller and Dunnie (Dunnie isn't a Sigma but he's pretty near to it you bet) were over to Spencer where they gave a program at luncheon and an entertainment at a banquet besides a concert in the evening.

By the way one of the brilliant (in color of hair) Sigma sisters needs some aid from some of the band students. One night recently amid much laughter she announced that she wished to be serious. She had a question to ask. In compliance with her wishes the dining room grew gravely quiet. Then she asked "How does a trombone player know how far to push his arm?" (She accompanied her words with gestures). Still seriously but a bit embarrassed by the shouts of mirth she continued, "No, I'm in earnest. He always pushes his arm the same length but he makes different notes!"

If anyone is able to answer this question please put Mary Louise Evan's mind at rest on the matter.

Thus we end for our "light" went out. (Do not translate literally). Explanation—We do not refer to electricity.

PHI DELTA PI

Last Thursday night the Phi Delts held their formal initiation banquet at the Ithaca Hotel.

All the members attended and had with them for the first time the two members, Jane Riley and Dorothy Lee.

The songs and toasts were appreciated and enjoyed very much—being offset by a dining room effectively decorated in fraternity colors.

CLOCKS

Clocks up to the present time were considered a marvelous invention, but to a few girls at Williams Hall they are termed one of life's little tragedies.

Why doesn't some big hearted inventor make a clock that will not tell tales and stay the way one fixes it, without arousing suspicion. I hope that in future years to come, such a clock will be made to order for the welfare of college students. Another wonderful thing in a student's life, is being put on Strict Campus,—for the first time.

Oh, we don't mind sitting by the window on a bright sun-shiny day and seeing our friends out walking, and we certainly don't mind not being allowed to dance, or talk to our pals, but there's one little affair we can't forgive, and that's when the phone rings—. Oh, it's great to know that a boy friend calls and it's still great to hear some big hearted girl explain, "Oh, so sorry, but she's on strict Campus!" and you have to smile when you want to yell.

Take measles any old day,—in preference to being in a two by four room. The Prisoners Song was surely dedicated to girls on *Strict Campus*.
H. R.

PLEASE

If you do not get a roast
Do not boast!
You don't deserve the brains,
And the pains
It takes to write up verse—
Bad or worse.

And you who get a roast
Do not boast!
You're not the sweetest gumdrop
In the shop,—
For we only give you a place
To take up space.

Crescent Lunch
"A good place to eat"

Mrs. Warren Linderman

A muffin a day keeps the doctor away
Burns' Bakery

OUR CHARLESTON

Yes, folks, we got 'em. No, not the Charleston blues, but the Champion Charlestoners of I. C. M. Not only have we the beginners but we have students who are "sharks" at this game.

Don't think we haven't got 'em. Let me tell you of a few of them with whom I'm well acquainted. The first on the list, and a real impersonation of Gilda Grey, is our "Irv" Morgan who hails from the well known Bay State from the little town of Rockland. Next, in order, comes the renowned "Porky" Wheeler, from the same state as Morgan. He finds the dance a real pastime as well as a reducer. Honestly, it's better than any theatrical comedy you ever saw to watch these two gentlemen "strut their stuff". No matter when they meet, as long as they have the room to dance, they are at it. Always, after their performance a hot discussion arises which is as follows:

"Well, Porky, you may have a little on me now, but wait until my ankles get better. I'll show you and the boys a few steps."

"Morgan, you haven't the build to be a good Charleston dancer." Then the Newark flash, Patty Donohue, who has established a marvelous record as a ball-room dancer and "shiek" casts his criticism on the boys which is always superior to that of anyone else. Ask him, if you don't believe it.

Now, folks, the "Con" students may be able to blow their horns, but we Phi Eds, are "mean" Charlestoners. Ask Morgan!

The Bore: "I met your husband last night, dear, but he didn't see me.
Hostess (absently): "Yes, so he said!"

First Housewife: "Yes, I heard a noise and got up, and there under the bed I saw a man's leg."

Second Ditto: "Good Heavens! The burglar's?"

First Housewife: "No, my husband's. He had heard the noise, too."

Breathes there one soul with a soul so dead,
That never to himself hath said,
When he gazed on a grade of 63:—
"That teacher sure is down on me."

You wonder what it costs, --- and wonder
again that it costs no more
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NO JUSTICE

"Gosh", I heard Daddy say to a friend,
"Things'll sure come to an awful end,—
Though I fared pretty well for presents this year,
Now I'm darn near close to sheddin' a tear.
I did make a lot of good resolutions
By golly, now, they'll turn to revolutions.
I'll learn that family I ain't no store—
They treat me terrible, and it makes me sore."
He pounded his fist and tore around,
Then he came real close, and settled down;
"D'ye know," he whispered—but I sneaked away
For I knew what Dad was gonna say,—
I guess we did treat him hinda rough
When we helped ourselves to his Xmas stuff.
Ma forgot two boy-friends, and grandma, a whole mob
Of poor and shiftless men-folks, down
In the lower part of our little town
So we just took stock of all Dad's gifts—
No wonder he has those little tiffs!
I don't blame 'im much for feelin' blue,
But what was we feller's gonna do?

—Elsie Waters.